

DOCTOR WHO

Episode 13

'THE FANTASY FACTORY'

CHARACTERS

THE DOCTOR  
MELANIE  
THE INQUISITOR  
THE VALEYARD  
THE MASTER  
THE KEEPER  
BENCRAV  
SABALOM GLITZ  
THE DUKE  
STEPHENS

SETS

TRIAL ROOM  
CORRIDOR  
HACKNEY CAB  
ANTEROOM

FILM

Ext. London streets. Night.

SUPOSE CAM

Opening  
Titles:

Telecine 1:

Ext. Space.

(Model shot)

We see the Space Station  
hanging against the void  
- as in T/c 1, Ep. 1.

After a moment the light  
beam down which the TARDIS  
drifted all those episodes  
ago is seen to be carrying  
another small object.

As we CLOSE the shot we  
see it is a casket, rather  
like the ornate objects  
sold on the U.S. death  
market.

It spins in towards the  
Station and vanishes into  
a dark, gaping reception  
bay.

End Telecine 1:

1. INT. TRIAL ROOM. DAY.

THE DOCTOR SITTING AS BEFORE.  
BEHIND HIM, A LITTLE TO HIS  
LEFT, IS MELANIE.

THE INQUISITOR EYES HIM STERNLY.

INQUISITOR The Valeyard has concluded  
his case. Do you have any defence to  
offer at all, Doctor?

MELANIE It's obviously a put-up job!

INQUISITOR Be silent, young woman. I  
was addressing the Doctor.

DOCTOR Melanie has said it all.  
The railyard's so-called evidence is a  
farrago of distortion that would have  
Ananias, Baron Munchausen and other  
famous liars blushing down to their very  
toe-nails! Nothing is as I remember it.

INQUISITOR It may not be as you remember, Doctor, but - as has been said before - it is possible for there to be genuine differences in recollection.

DOCTOR Not that different.

MELANIE I don't remember it like that eith...

SHE TRAILS OFF UNDER THE INQUISITOR'S FORMIDABLE STARE.

INQUISITOR In my experience as an Inquisitor all criminals challenge the veracity of the evidence.

VALEYARD Exactly, My Lady. That is a point I would have made in my concluding address - when I demand the supreme penalty.

INQUISITOR Quite so, Valeyard. The difference here is that the evidence we have seen was not circumstantial, not open to interpretation, but hard facts drawn from the matrix itself.

DOCTOR If you believe all that's in the matrix, ma'am, you'll believe anything. With respect.

INQUISITOR Are you saying -

DOCTOR That the matrix has been tampered with, yes. That the ragbag of evidence you have seen is the result of perjury. All I do not yet understand is who did it and why!

INQUISITOR Your accusation would be laughable if it were not so outrageous. However... Is the Keeper of the Matrix still present?

THE KEEPER COMES FORWARD.

KEEPER My Lady.

INQUISITOR You have heard the Doctor's allegation. Is it at all possible for the data stored within the matrix to be tampered with in any way?

KEEPER Quite impossible, My Lady. No-one may enter the matrix without the Key of Rassilon.

DOCTOR By whom is the key used?

KEEPER Qualified people. For inspection. Once in a millennia, perhaps, to replace a transducer --

DOCTOR Keys can be copied, you will agree?

KEEPER The Key of Rassilon never leaves my possession.

DOCTOR Except when it is in the hands of these qualified people?

VALEYARD This is a ridiculous allegation, My Lady. The Doctor is challenging the evidence of the matrix on the grounds that it has been tampered with - a charge that he is totally unable to substantiate.

INQUISITOR That is accepted. Wild accusations of malfeasance do not constitute a defence, Doctor.

DOCTOR The matrix can be penetrated - the Keeper has admitted as much. And the evidence you have been shown is totally at variance with my own memory. Therefore it has been deliberately distorted.

MELANIE Right! A frame-up from beginning to end.

INQUISITOR And who would do such a thing - even if it were possible?

DOCTOR Somebody who wants my head.  
(POINTS) Such as the -

INQUISITOR Careful, Doctor.

DOCTOR The Valeyard.

THE VALEYARD SNORTS CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

INQUISITOR If you were not already facing the most serious charges, such an accusation levelled against a senior prosecutor would bring you into contempt, Doctor.

2. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

THE CASKET WE SAW IN T/C 1 LIES ON THE GROUND. IT IS ROCKING. THERE IS A THUMPING FROM INSIDE.



FINALLY THE LID SLIDES ASIDE. A  
FLUSHED AND DISHEVELLED SABALOM GLITZ  
SITS UP. HE LOOKS AROUND AND SHAKES  
HIS HEAD.

GLITZ What I do for grotzis...

HE STARTS TO CLIMB OUT OF THE CASKET.

3. INT. TRIAL ROOM. DAY.

INQUISITOR There is only one way to  
rebut the evidence of the matrix,  
Doctor - and that is to produce  
witnesses who can support your version  
of events. Can you do that?

DOCTOR Of course I can't. You  
know I can't.

INQUISITOR Then we must accept the  
Valeyard's evidence.

DOCTOR Ma'am, such witnesses as  
I might call are scattered all over  
the universe and all through time.  
How can I find them now?

VALEYARD Time-wasting, My Lady. The  
Doctor's only defence seems to be this  
ridiculous -

THE DOOR OPENS. GLITZ ENTERS. THEY  
STARE AT HIM.

DOCTOR Glitz! How did you get  
here?

GLITZ I was sent, wasn't I? Not  
my wish, mind you. I had a profitable  
little number set up. It'll all be  
blown time I get back. Them gold bricks  
don't stay gold for ever.

INQUISITOR Who sent you here?

GLITZ (TO DOCTOR) That's the beak,  
is it? They all look the same. Carved  
out of something hard and nasty.

INQUISITOR You said you were sent here,  
Sabalom Glitz. By whom?

MASTER (V.O.) By me, madam.

THEY SWING ROUND. THE MASTER IS  
STARING DOWN FROM THE SCREEN. THE  
DOCTOR GROANS.

DOCTOR Oh, no! Now I am finished...

MELANIE Who is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR Just one of my oldest enemies.

INQUISITOR This is entirely irregular!  
Who are you, sir?

MASTER I am known as the Master.  
And, as you see, I speak to you from  
within the matrix - proof, if any  
be needed, that not only qualified  
people can enter here.

KEEPER But you haven't the Key  
of Rassilon -

THE MASTER HOLDS UP A KEY. LARGE,  
GLITTERING, OF CURIOUS SHAPE.

MASTER I have a very good copy,  
Keeper - just as the Doctor said was  
possible.

INQUISITOR This is an official court  
appointed by the High Council to  
consider the most serious -

MASTER Madam, I know. I have  
followed the trial with great interest  
and, indeed, amusement. But now I  
must intervene for the sake of justice.

DOCTOR Take no notice, ma'am! He  
doesn't know what justice is. He'd  
see me dead tomorrow!

MASTER Gladly, Doctor. But not if  
you forfeit your remaining lives to  
the Valeyard. As an adversary I can  
deal with you. (HEAVY) I am not  
prepared to countenance a rival!

VALEYARD My Lady, I must propose an  
immediate adjournment -

INQUISITOR I am sorry, Valeyard. The  
prosecution's evidence is completed.  
The ball, as the Doctor might say, is  
now out of your court.

THE DOCTOR IS IN DEEP THOUGHT OVER  
THE MASTER'S LAST SPEECH.

MASTER Doctor, I have sent you a  
star witness. I knew you would need  
one. Question Glitz.

THE DOCTOR RISES TO HIS FEET.

VALEYARD With respect, sagacity, the matter of admissible witnesses is for you to decide. We have seen enough to know that Glitz is an admitted criminal. Any testimony from him must, therefore, be dubious in the extreme -

INQUISITOR Criminals have been known to speak the truth, Valeyard. Especially when their own interests are not at stake.

VALEYARD My point, My Lady, is that this person who calls himself the Master, whoever he might be, should not be permitted to produce surprise witnesses. The prosecution has no knowledge of -

c/ INQUISITOR As I understand it, Valeyard, the evidence for the prosecution is now concluded. The Doctor may now in his defence, all witnesses to rebut that evidence. After which you have the right to cross-question them on what they have said. That is the procedure.

VALEYARD My Lady.

THE MASTER, WATCHING THIS EXCHANGE, IS GRINNING.

MASTER If I might intercede -

INQUISITOR You have no part in these proceedings.

MASTER Corporeally, of course not. But I am present - and enjoying myself enormously. I merely wished to comment on the shortness of the Valeyard's memory.

INQUISITOR In what respect?

VALEYARD My Lady -

SHE WAVES HIM ASIDE.

INQUISITOR Let him continue.

MASTER The Valeyard - or, as I have always known him, the Doctor - is amongst my most constant and determined foes. And now he affects not to recognise me!

VALEYARD This is clearly a blatant attempt by the Doctor's cronies -

DOCTOR Now just a minute! Did you call him Doctor?



MASTER Your twelfth and final incarnation ... and I may say you do not improve with age.

DOCTOR (TO MELANIE) Can you believe that this worm, this lackey of the High Council's -

MELANIE Very like you round the eyes, Doctor.

DOCTOR Rubbish!

MELANIE And the mouth. When I first saw him I thought to myself -

DOCTOR Shut up!

INQUISITOR I should be obliged if you would all do so.

SHE RUBS HER BROW RATHER WEARILY, TRYING TO ACCOMMODATE THIS NEW TURN OF EVENTS.

VALEYARD My Lady, these scandalous accusations ...

SHE STOPS HIM WITH A LOOK.

DOCTOR (TO MELANIE) Well, if he's really the twelfth Doctor perhaps I should start calling him the dockyard.

INQUISITOR The single purpose of this trial is to determine the guilt or otherwise of the Doctor on the basis of the evidence that has been presented. Anything else is, for the moment, irrelevant.

VALEYARD Thank you, Madam Inquisitor.

INQUISITOR Examine your witness, Doctor.

DOCTOR Yes ma'am.

HE TURNS TO GLITZ WHO HAS BEEN SCRUTINISING AND FEELING THE STAND.

GLITZ This is real machanite, y' know. Worth a few grotzis today. Your honour, I could give you a very fair price for the whole lot -

DOCTOR Glitz!

GLITZ Carriage included... What?

DOCTOR You were sent here by the Master?

GLITZ A business partner. We've pulled a few good tickles together over the years -

DOCTOR The court isn't interested in your squalid ventures, Glitz.

INQUISITOR Very good, Doctor. Keep him to the point.

DOCTOR When we first met, Glitz, your main interest was in getting possession of a chest of secrets.

GLITZ Right.

DOCTOR What were those secrets?

GLITZ I dunno. Scientific stuff, that's what he said. (INDICATING MASTER) Stuff the Sleepers had been nicking from the matrix for years.

KEEPER The matrix? My matrix?

GLITZ Right. The Sleepers had figured how to break into it, see? So they were creaming off all this high-tech info to take home to Andromeda -

DOCTOR But they were operating from Earth?

GLITZ Course. That was their cover, wasn't it? They knew the Time Lords would trace the leak eventually.

VALEYARD This is a palpable tissue of lies, My Lady!

DOCTOR I don't think so, Stackyard. It begins to make very good sense.

MELANIE Attaboy, Doc. Now we're getting at the dirt!

DOCTOR Continue, Glitz. What happened then?

GLITZ Well, it seems the Time Lords sussed the leak so they tried to knock off the Sleepers. They used this magno - magno-thing -

DOCTOR Magnotron?

GLITZ Yeah.

DOCTOR That could only have been done by an order in High Council!

MASTER Of course, Doctor. To protect their own secrets they drew the Earth and its constellation billions of miles across space.

DOCTOR Causing the fireball which almost destroyed the planet!

MASTER Of little consequence in the High Council's planning, Doctor. The robot recovery mission from Andromeda sped past Earth and out into space. Gallifreyan secrets were saved. Except that, at the first intimation of the coming fireball, the Andromedans were able to set up a survival chamber for the Sleepers.

DOCTOR So that's why Earth was re-named Ravolox! That sanctimonious gang of hypocrites were simply covering their tracks!

MASTER Exactly. It takes time, Doctor, but eventually you get there.

DOCTOR They put an ancient culture like Earth's to the sword for the sake of a few miserable, filthy, scientific advances -

GLITZ Big market for them, Doctor - so he said. Worth a lot of grotzis.

DOCTOR (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) In all my wanderings through the universe I have battled against evil. Against power-mad conspirators. I should have stayed on Gallifrey, the oldest civilisation - decadent, degenerate, and rotten to the core! Power-mad conspirators! (HE LAUGHS MADLY) Daleks. Sontarans. Cybermen! They're still in the nursery compared to us. Ten million years of total power! That's what it takes to be really corrupt!

MELANIE Take it easy, Doc.

INQUISITOR (NODS) These unseemly outbursts do not assist the court, Doctor

DOCTOR Unseemly outbursts! If I hadn't visited Ravolox, as I then thought of it, the High Council would have kept this outrage carefully buried - as they apparently already had for several centuries!

8/10  
MASTER I must agree you have an endearing habit of blundering into these things, Doctor. And the High Council took full advantage of your blunder.

INQUISITOR Explain that.

MASTER They made a deal with the Valeyard to adjust the evidence - in return for which he was promised the remainder of the Doctor's regenerations -

MELANIE (POINTS) Doctor!

THE VALEYARD IS SLIPPING FROM THE ROOM.

INQUISITOR Valeyard - !

DOCTOR Come on, Glitz!

GLITZ What?

DOCTOR We need him - if you want your money.

THEY RUN AFTER THE VALEYARD.

4. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

NO SIGN OF THE VALEYARD AS THE DOCTOR AND GLITZ BURST INTO THE CORRIDOR. THEY LOOK AROUND.

GLITZ He hasn't had time -

DOCTOR There must be a way out of here.

HE STARTS SEARCHING AS THE INQUISITOR, THE KEEPER, AND MELANIE APPEAR BEHIND.

GLITZ He's scarpered.

KEEPER The seventh door. He must have had a key.

DOCTOR What?

THE KEEPER POINTS.

KEEPER The seventh entrance to the matrix.

DOCTOR Then open it. He has to be brought back!

INQUISITOR I agree. There are several questions -



DOCTOR           Hurry!

HE SNATCHES THE KEY FROM THE KEEPER  
AND PLANTS IT FLATLY AGAINST THE SURFACE  
OF THE WALL. A PANEL OPENS.

KEEPER           You'll never find him. The  
matrix is a micro-universe -

MELANIE          Don't go, Doctor!

DOCTOR          I must! Perhaps nothing in  
my life has been as important as this.  
Come on, Glitz!

HE PULLS GLITZ BY THE ARM AND STEPS  
INTO THE PANEL.

GLITZ            (RESISTING) Who, me?

THE PANEL SLIDES SHUT BEHIND THEM.

MELANIE          Doctor!

INQUISITOR Silence, girl! Let us  
return to the trial room.

MELANIE          Why? There's nobody to try  
anymore!

INQUISITOR Come, both of you.

Telecine 2:

Ext. Narrow Alley. Night.

Or as night as possible. The  
DOCTOR and GLITZ appear out  
of the swirling fog.

DOCTOR           Show me those directions  
again, Glitz.

GLITZ hands him a paper.

DOCTOR           Yes, this is the right grid.  
(READS) The Fantasy Factory, proprietor  
J.J. Chambers.

GLITZ            The Master said that's where  
he's got his set-up. A legitimate  
business.

DOCTOR           And for once I have to believe  
the Master. Though I'm sure he intended  
me no favours when he gave you this.

They move down the lane. From  
nearby inns they hear drunken  
shouts and snatches of song.

GLITZ           Where are we, d'you reckon?

DOCTOR       Earth - somewhere at the  
turn of the nineteenth century. And  
that oily stagnance - a dock area.

He stands for a second.

DOCTOR       Yes. The fruit and spices  
of Old Indie. We could be in Liverpool  
or Marseille. But my guess is London.

GLITZ           Population centres?

DOCTOR       Very good, Glitz.

GLITZ       They had 'em in Andromeda  
once - before the colonists' war.

They turn at the sound of  
clopping hooves. A hackney  
looms out of the murk with  
its oil lamp glimmering  
fitfully. It pulls up and  
the muffled figure of the  
CABMAN leans down.

CABMAN       Cab, gen'lmen?

DOCTOR       Excellent, yes. Take us  
to the Fantasy Factory in Postern Row.

CABMAN       Postern Row, George Yard.  
Right, guv'nor.

The DOCTOR and GLITZ climb in  
and the the cab clips away.

Telecine 2 Ends

5. INT. CAB. NIGHT.

ROCKING ALONG.

GLITZ           This is a primitive  
contraption, innit? Pulled by animals...

DOCTOR       We're in a different world  
now, Glitz. And thirty thousand years  
before your time.

SOMETHING IS BOTHERING HIM.

Telecine 3:

Ext. Street. Night.

The cab rattling along. In  
a beam of gas-light we see  
the CABMAN'S face as he whips  
the horses. It is the VALEYARD.

End Telecine 3:

6. INT. CAB. NIGHT.

GLITZ How can we be in a different world, Doc? We just stepped through a door, that's all.

DOCTOR Inside the matrix, Glitz, the only logic is that there is no logic.

GLITZ I knew this was a mistake right from the off. I said to myself, Sabalom boy, you'll regret this...

DOCTOR The matrix is like a vast brain. You know how your thoughts can slip from one thing to another without any apparent connection? That's how it is in the matrix.

GLITZ Generally, Doc, I don't think about nothing but Grotzis. How to get them, how to keep 'em -

THE DOCTOR SLAPS HIS HEAD.

DOCTOR The cabbie!

GLITZ Eh?

DOCTOR I thought I knew that voice! What a fool I am!

HE STRUGGLES TO RAISE THE TRAP.

GLITZ Here, this thing's going a bit ganooleri, innit?

THE CAB IS INDEED NOW RATTLING ALONG. THE DOCTOR FLINGS OPEN THE TRAP. THE CABMAN HAS GONE. THE HORSES HAVE GONE. USING THAT OLD-FASHIONED THING, BACK-PROJECTION, WE SEE THROUGH THE TRAP THE BUILDINGS OF THE GLOOMY STREET FLASHING TOWARDS US AT BREAKNECK SPEED.

DOCTOR Get down, Glitz!

GLITZ Eh?

DOCTOR On the floor. It's our only chance!

THE WORDS ARE HARDLY OUT OF HIS MOUTH WHEN THE CAB STOPS ABRUPTLY. THE DOCTOR AND GLITZ ARE FLUNG AGAINST THE FRONT OF THE CAB WITH SHATTERING FORCE.

DAZED, THEY PULL THEMSELVES TOGETHER.

GLITZ My neck! I've broken my neck.

DOCTOR You'll live, I fear. Come on.

GLITZ I want to go home. I didn't bargain for this -

DOCTOR That was nothing, Glitz. A mere taster of what's in store. The Valeyard's idea of a joke, I suppose.

Telecine 4:

Ext. Street. Night.

They descend from the cab, GLITZ groaning painfully. They are outside a tall building. The DOCTOR c̄rōssēs to it. The brass plate on the door says, 'The Fantasy Factory'.

As they look at it they hear the rumble of wheels. The cab, without visible means of propulsion, is rolling off into the night.

DOCTOR Postern Row, George Yard... You know, that means something to me, Glitz - if I could only remember.

He raises his hand to the door. A figure shuffles from the shadows. BENCRA Y is an old sea-dog with long white hair under some nondescript battered head-gear, He has a hoop-ring in his left ear to show he has sailed round the Horn. He has a wooden leg and a crutch.

BENCRA Y I wouldn't go in there, masters.

DOCTOR What?

BENCRA Y No place for gen'lmen of quality, masters.

GLITZ Quality, you hear that? My heart warms to this fellow.



BENCRAV I've counted many in, sir, and I've counted none out. That's a catsmeat gaffe in my opinion. In my opinion you'd be better going to the cookshop, sir, where they serve the finest saveloys in London Town.

GLITZ Splendid idea -

BENCRAV Just round the corner, masters, hard to the lee of Sweeney Todd's barber's pole. You can't miss it. Try one of Bellamy's meat pies. When you've served afore the mast, sir, you knows your victuals, none more so -

DOCTOR I'm sure that's true. But we have business here.

BENCRAV Tell 'em Bencray sent you and ten to one they'll give you extra onion gravy. I've spent many a levy there in my day. They know me there. I'm known to all and sundry for my free-spending ways when I have the levies. But I've fallen on hard times, sir -

DOCTOR Give the fellow a grotzi, Glitz.

GLITZ A grotzi? Certainly not. Half a grotzi, perhaps...

HE RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKETS.

BENCRAV Last year I had everyone down the cookshop for my twenty-first birthday -

DOCTOR Last year?

BENCRAV Oh, we had a right mafeking of a night, sir. Polly Nichols, Annie Chapman, Long Liz Stride - all the merry-legs came down for stout and saveloys. And they do say the gen'lman in the corner, enjoying hisself most hearty, was Royalty, sir.

DOCTOR The Duke of Clarence, no doubt?

BENCRAV None other, sir, so it be said. Of course I had a few coins about me then, having just taken my discharge. The worst thing I ever did, sir, and that's a fact. I'd sign on an orange boat now, if I had the chance, with a dago skipper and a Chineese crew. That's the measure of it. That's how hard done I am.

GLITZ Here.

HE PRESSES A COIN IN BENCRAV'S HAND.

BENCRAV Thank you most kindly, sir. I'd take you to the cookshop myself but I'm on my way to Sidcup. I'll be all right when I get down to Sidcup. That's where me papers are, you see. Me documents. All in me diddy-box. When I get them I'll be all right.

He shuffles off into the night.

BENCRAV I'd have a basin of beef broth if I was you. Very sustaining the beef broth is.

The DOCTOR stares after him.

DOCTOR Interesting...

He jangles the door bell. After a moment or two the door swings open.

End Telecine 4:

7. INT. TRIAL ROOM. DAY.

THE MASTER STARING SARDONICALLY FROM THE SCREEN. THE INQUISITOR IS ADDRESSING HIM DIRECTLY.

INQUISITOR In all my experience I have never before had to conclude a case in the absence of both the accused and the prosecutor.

MASTER One and the same person, madam.

INQUISITOR So you said. Can you prove that?

MASTER I know them both. But I suggest you question the High Council. They set up this travesty of a trial, making a scapegoat of the Doctor to conceal their own involvement.

INQUISITOR Is there any reason why I should accept that allegation from a renegade Time Lord?

MASTER Yes, if you are concerned with learning the truth.

INQUISITOR What is your interest in this matter? Not, I think, concern for the Doctor.

MASTER Oh, indeed not. But the Doctor is well-matched against himself. One must destroy the other.

MELANIE How utterly evil!

MASTER Thank you. I think I would lay a shade of odds on the Valeyard. But the possibility of their mutual destruction must exist. That would be perfect.

MELANIE You're despicable!

MASTER So many compliments...May I say you're a charming child?

MELANIE You beast!

INQUISITOR Be quiet, girl. (TO MASTER) Am I to take it that some base desire for revenge was your motive for interfering?

MASTER There is nothing purer and more unsullied than the desire for revenge, madam. But if you follow the metaphor, I have thrown a pebble into the water, perhaps killin/two birds with one stone, and causing ripples that will rock the High Council to its foundations. What more could a renegade wish for?

g/

8. INT. ANTEROOM. NIGHT.

A GLOOMY, DUSTY LITTLE PLACE WITH TWO OPPOSING DOORS. THERE IS A PANEL IN THE WALL WITH THE WORD 'RECEPTION' ABOVE IT AND AN OLD BELL PUSH ON THE LEDGE BELOW.

THE DOCTOR BANGS THE BELL AGAIN. NOTHING HAPPENS.

GLITZ Nobody here. Let's go home.

THE DOCTOR GIVES THE BELL ANOTHER BANG. A VICTORIAN STYLE POSTER CATCHES HIS EYE. IT SHOWS THE VALEYARD, IN VICTORIAN DRESS, POINTING LIKE KITCHENER IN THE RECRUITING POSTER. THE CAPTION SAYS, 'DARE YOU TAKE MY CHALLENGE?'

THE PANEL IS SUDDENLY FLUNG BACK

NOISILY AND BENCRAV STARES TESTILY OUT. BUT THIS BENCRAV HAS NO EAR-RING, NO WOODEN LEG, AND IS SLIGHTLY BETTER DRESSED. HE DOES, HOWEVER, HAVE A HOOK FOR A LEFT HAND.

BENCRAV All right, all right! You are expected. What's it to be, trick or treat?

DOCTOR Treat.

BENCRAV PUTS A BALL INTO A WHEEL AND SPINS IT. THE BALL FALLS INTO A SLOT.

BENCRAV Capital! You're playing murder. One of my favourites.

DOCTOR I thought we already were.

BENCRAV Pardon?

DOCTOR Polly Nichols, Annie Chapman, Liz Stride - all victims of Jack the Ripper.

BENCRAV I suppose you've been talking to my brother.

GLITZ He stung me for half a grotzi.

BENCRAV I suppose he told you he had his twenty-first birthday last year?

THE DOCTOR NODS.

BENCRAV (SUDDENLY FURIOUS) Lies! All lies! He's thirty-two.

DOCTOR I thought he seemed a little confused. He used the word 'mafeking' which wasn't in vogue in the Ripper's time.

BENCRAV I'm always telling 'em they should take more care with the scripts. But do they listen? They do not! As long as it ends happily with the death of the challengers, that's all they bother about. Which of you is Glitz?

GLITZ That's me.

BENCRAV Sign here.

GLITZ What is it?

BENCRAV Consent form. Do you want



BENCRAV (CONTD)

your remains buried or cremated?

GLITZ Eh?

BENCRAV All part of the service.  
Come along, I haven't got all day!

AS GLITZ SIGNS.

BENCRAV Oh, dear, oh, dear! You're  
one of these multi-lifers, I see.  
That's more paperwork for me, you know.

DOCTOR Sorry.

BENCRAV Well, just sign here. If  
you fail - and nobody's ever won,  
I might tell you - J.J. Chambers  
collects the rest of your existences.  
Fair enough?

DOCTOR No - but I don't seem to  
have any option.

HE SCRIBBLES A SIGNATURE.

GLITZ What do we get if we win?

BENCRAV The jackpot. A million  
golden guineas. But I told you, nobody  
ever wins because we write the scripts.  
Now off you go, you cheeky little  
urchin. That door.

THE PANEL SLAMS SHUT.

GLITZ Am I crazy or is he?

DOCTOR I can't win, whatever I do.

GLITZ Eh?

DOCTOR Id against Super-Id. I  
have no chance...(BRACING HIMSELF)  
Still, while there's life there must  
be hope. Come along.

HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

Telecine 5:

Ext. Street. Night.

They emerge from the door  
and step down into foggy  
London.

GLITZ Now what?

They walk along. Suddenly they hear terrible anguished screams.

DOCTOR

Just keep your eyes open.

GLITZ

What's that?

DOCTOR

Scene one. This way.

He hurries off towards the cries.

GLITZ

Can't we ignore it? You know what women are like. Noisy creatures...

The DOCTOR stops and stares through a window.

Inside, on the far wall, a gas-lit shadow with a knife is crouched, its arm slashing and slashing again. The cries have bubbled away.

The DOCTOR tries the door. It is barred.

DOCTOR

Try the back...

He runs off. GLITZ follows a good way behind.

The DOCTOR speeds round a corner and stops abruptly as he faces two TOFFS. The taller of the pair (the DUKE OF CLARENCE and his friend, J. STEPHENS) unscabbards a sword-stick.

DUKE

Now we have you, Jack.

He advances, sword pointing. GLITZ hangs back in the shadows.

DOCTOR  
not Jack.

You're mistaken, sir. I'm

DUKE  
see?

Blood on him, Jim. D'you

STEPHENS

Indeed, sir.

The DOCTOR is retreating before the sword aimed at his throat.

DUKE            You dog! You infernal  
villain! I'll send you back to Hades,  
whence you came, you damnable hound!

Glancing down, the DOCTOR  
sees that his clothes are,  
indeed, soaked in blood.  
THE DUKE makes a lunge.  
The DOCTOR dodges aside and  
trips backwards over a low  
wall.

There is a splash. The  
DOCTOR has fallen into the  
black, oily water of a  
wharf. The DUKE and STEPHENS  
stare down.

STEPHENS      Let the scoundrel drown, sir.

Suddenly there is a fresh  
outburst of screaming. The  
DUKE stares round.

DUKE            By Jove, Stephens! I think  
we got the wrong Johnny. Come along.  
Hurry!

The PAIR run off into the  
darkness.

DUKE            A horse! A horse! My  
kingdom for a horse!

On the DOCTOR motionless in  
the water.

SUPOSE CAM

Closing  
Titles: